

ESTABLISHED 1870. "All the News That's Fit to Print." Published every evening, except Sunday, at 3 South Jardin street, Shenandoah, Pa.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE. The Herald is delivered in Shenandoah and the surrounding towns for six cents a week, payable to the carriers. By mail \$3.00 a year, or 25 cents a month payable in advance. Advertisements charged according to space and position. The publishers reserve the right to change the position of advertisements whenever the publication of news demands it. The right is reserved to reject any advertisement, whether paid for or not, that the publishers may deem improper. Advertising rates made known upon application, entered at the post office at Shenandoah, Pa., as second class mail matter.

YOU CAN NOT REACH READERS OF THE HERALD THROUGH ANY OTHER DAILY PUBLICATION

Evening Herald. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1909.



OUR COUNTRY: First, Last and Forever.



Give Thanks.

By proclamation of the President of the United States, and the Governor of Pennsylvania, to-day is set apart as one of thanksgiving for the many blessings which we as a people enjoy. As a nation, occupying a leading position among them all, we have much reason to rejoice. While we are thus engaged in the observance of the day, let us not forget those who are less fortunate in worldly goods, give of our plenty to those in need.

The people of the United States, in the enjoyment of prosperity, should not be unmindful of the gratitude they owe the God of nations; nor should they ever refuse to acknowledge with contrite hearts their proneness to turn away from His blessings and follow with sinful pride after their own devices. It is fitting, therefore, that on a day especially appointed by the rulers of the nation, that we should join together in approaching the Throne of Grace with praise and supplication.

For the many things we as a people enjoy, let us give thanks; and let us not forget the poor and needy, and by deeds of charity let our offerings of praise be made the more acceptable.

A MAN who does not take his home paper, but occasionally answers advertisements in "story papers" has had some interesting experiences, says an exchange. He learned that by sending one dollar to a Yankee he could get a cure for drunkenness. Sure enough he did. It was to "take the pledge and keep it." Later on he sent fifty two-cent stamps to find out how to raise turkeys successfully. He found out—"Just take hold of the tops and pull." Being young he wished to marry, and sent thirty-four one-cent stamps to a Chicago firm for information as to how to make an impression. When the answer came it read, "Sit down on a pan of dough." That was a little rough, but he was a patient man, and thought he would yet succeed. The next advertisement he answered read, "How to double your money in six months." He was told to convert his money into bills, fold them, and he would see his money doubled. The next time he sent for twelve useful household articles, and got a package of needles. He was slow to learn, so he sent a dollar to find out "how to get rich." "Work like the devil and never spend a cent." That stopped him, but his brother wrote to find out how to write a letter without pen or ink. He was told to use a lead pencil. He paid five dollars to learn how to live without work, and was told on a postal card, "to fish for suckers as we do."

SEVERAL months ago there appeared in a Stroudsburg paper an advertisement for a wife. It was signed by an aged man in the country. Since then the advertiser has received letters from more than 1,000 women, each of whom is willing to marry him. Owing to the great number he cannot make a selection.

Why go humping around with a LAME BACK When you can get instant relief in a 10c. box of JOHNSON'S 25 PILLS 10 CENTS POSITIVELY GUARANTEED The best kidney preparation on earth, and a 10-CENT BOX contains nearly as much as others sell for 50 cents. If your druggist will not supply you, send us five 2-cent stamps and get a box by mail. The Johnson Laboratories, Inc., Phila. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A Handsome Complexion is one of the greatest charms a woman can possess. POISSON'S COMPLEXION POWDER gives it.

A THANKSGIVING PICNIC. THE STORY OF A NOVEMBER EVICTION, A CANADIAN BEAUTY AND AN ANNEXATION. BY EWAN MACPHERSON. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY EWAN MACPHERSON.

Louise Mr. Middleton stood staring through the window of his furnished apartment—staring at the half-hearted snowfall and the November dullness of a New York side street—wondering somewhat whether, after all, he was doing wisely in throwing away his chance of going home to the other end of the state for his Thanksgiving dinner.

Whether the event would justify his decision or not would depend on a young person over there, across the street, a bewildering damsel of Canada, whose business for the winter in New York was to study the church organ. Mr. Middleton, having, very much to his own satisfaction, established himself as one of three at the same little table with her in Mrs. Flanagan's dining room, where he ate twice a day, would gladly have improved the occasion of a holiday and the opportunities offered by a common sentiment of being left out in the cold world.

Naturally enough, the young man's eyes wandered to the front of Mrs. Flanagan's house, and instantly he saw that something very much out of the common was going on. In fact, Middleton saw that a crowd was gathering outside Mrs. Flanagan's, and the occasion of the crowd was evidently a large furniture van. Furniture was being carried out of the house—not mere bedroom furniture, but strange and problematical articles which Middleton associated with Mrs. Flanagan's dining room.

"Well, if there isn't that crazy old majolica jardiniere she sets the ice water on," he ejaculated. "By Jingo, they're evicting her—and—and—her! It's high time for me to drop in." Ignoring the expectant grin of the crowd and stepping over a heap of dirty burlap on the sidewalk, he dodged in through the doorway, between a moving refrigerator and a waiting wire cot, and, as he entered, a girl's voice somewhere behind the refrigerator called out, "Oh, Mr. Middleton!"

"So glad you're come!" Lillian McKay shouted, clapping her hands. "Hurrah! What are you looking at my hair for? It's a sight, I know. I haven't had time to do it up. Say, isn't it a shame? And they wanted to take my piano, if you please! Now, you're a lawyer. You can settle the whole thing for poor Mrs. Flanagan, can't you?"

"I'm only a lawyer's clerk yet, and the question for us—for you and Mrs. Latour and me—to settle is, Where are we going to get our Thanksgiving dinner?" "Yes, I know, and you might have gone home to Buffalo!" "I'd rather be just where I am," said the young man.

"Thanks," she said, and then she went on in a hurry: "Can't you do anything to stop them, Mr. Middleton? How can they turn her out like this when she told them she would pay this very afternoon?" "Did you know about this morning?" Middleton asked her, passing over the question of law.

"Why, no. The first I knew of it was when I was practicing over some dreadfully difficult things they gave me at the college, and in walked two men—Oh, Mrs. Flanagan! Come here! Here's Mr. Middleton. Perhaps he can help you." Mrs. Flanagan had just emerged from the darkness of the back stairs, a pale, black-haired woman, with glittering black eyes.

"No, child," she said. "Mr. Middleton can't help me. I don't know where all your children are going to get your dinner today and tomorrow, Thanksgiving, and after you've paid me in advance!" "Oh, that'll be all right, Mrs. Flanagan," said Middleton. "Never mind, Mrs. Flanagan," said Lillian. "We'll manage about the dinner. I declare," she went on, turning upon Middleton a haughty and uplifted chin with a very aggravating dimple in the middle of it, "this is the first Thanksgiving I was ever in the States, and I think you Yankees ought to be ashamed to let Mrs. Flanagan be treated like this!"

"It is an unfortunate coincidence," Middleton said in a low voice, "but I don't think it can be fairly imputed as a national disgrace. Mrs. Flanagan, where are you going tonight?" "Oh, child! Why, I couldn't tell you that to save my neck. If I only had time to look around!" "Yes, I know. But as it is, where are you going?" the young lawyer persisted, "and where are your boarders going?"

"All my boarders that had rooms here are gone, child—all except this one sweet angel," meaning, of course, Lillian. "I have an idea, Miss McKay," Middleton exclaimed, quite as if something new had just occurred to him—which was deceit. "Then, for goodness' sake, out with it!"

"Why, you see, so many of us roomers over at Anderson's take our meals here that we shall be in pretty general distress if Mrs. Flanagan goes off. That would be bad for the Andersons, wouldn't it? Very well. Why not let Mrs. Flanagan come over and occupy their kitchen?" "They haven't any dining room vacant, child," Mrs. Flanagan mournfully objected. "But Mrs. Flanagan can send up meals to our rooms for the present," Middleton answered. "And where do I come in, or whether do I go out?"

"Ask Mrs. Latour to let her 'dear Canadian girl' share her room. She'll be only too glad." So it came to pass that Mrs. Flanagan was installed that evening in the Anderson basement. Among the roomers at the Ander-

BARRELS OF SAMPLES. Over Two Hundred Thousand Trial Bottles Sent Free by Mail. By special arrangement with the manufacturers of that justly famous Kidney medicine, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, the readers of this paper are enabled to obtain a trial bottle and pamphlet of valuable medical advice absolutely free, by simply sending their full name and post office address to the DR. DAVID KENNEDY CORPORATION, Rondout, N. Y., and mentioning this paper.

Of course this involves enormous expense to the manufacturers, but they have received so many grateful letters from those who have been benefited and cured of the various diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Blood, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia and Chronic Constipation, and all weak-nosed peculiarities to women, that they willingly send trial bottles to all sufferers. Upon investigation it was found that 91 per cent of those who had used the trial bottle had received such benefit from it that they purchased large sized bottles of their druggists.

It matters not how sick you are or how many physicians have failed to help you, send for a trial bottle of this great medicine, it costs you but a postal card, and hence your cure will most certainly be the result. Put some urine in a glass tumbler and let it stand 24 hours; if it has a sediment or if it is pale or discolored, milky or cloudy, stringy orropy, your Kidneys or Bladder are in a bad condition. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy speedily cures such dangerous symptoms as pain in the back, inability to hold urine, a burning scalding pain in passing it, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, the staining of linen by your urine and all the unpleasant and dangerous effects on the system produced by the use of whiskey, wine or beer. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is sold at all drug stores at \$1.00 for a large bottle; six bottles for \$5.00.

fully. "Oh, come on! Let me get my hat. I've got \$2.50." "And is the old woman expected to play clapper on to a marketing party on such a night as this?" Mrs. Latour asked pitiously.

"Some time about the end of November," said he expected to "drop in on me." Then, with a sudden start and a worried look on her face, Lillian exclaimed: "Oh, I say! Wouldn't that be dreadful? How is Ronald going to find me if he does come?" Mrs. Latour had heard of Ronald Fraser. Middleton had not. He wondered, in gloomy silence, who on earth Ronald Fraser could be.

"You can write to him, dear, can't you?" said Mrs. Latour. "Won't a letter reach him in Toronto?" "He left Toronto weeks ago, Mrs. Latour. He may be in New York at this very moment."

"It would be dreadfully vexatious, my dear. But don't let's fret ourselves about it. Mr. Middleton, you are the man of resource who found shelter for poor Mrs. Flanagan and kept us all from going hungry. You can surely think of some way to save Mr. Fraser from going distracted when he finds No. 98 empty and no little Canadian girl anywhere."

As for Middleton, he at first could think of no scheme to save Mr. Fraser from distraction. But presently he saw that Lillian's mind was seriously disturbed by the prospect of missing this Mr. Fraser, she saying nothing. She had sat down apart, to stare through a window pane at the flakes of snow that fluttered from out the darkness. And, whoever Fraser might be, Middleton could not resist the power of Miss McKay's sadness.

"Perhaps it would be a good idea," he said, "if we can't camp out in the snow, waiting to catch Mr. Fraser at No. 98, to pin a notice on the door over there."

"That's it!" Lillian cried, jumping up. "Give me a piece of paper. He'll know my writing. Look here! I'll say, 'Apply at—what's this number?—at 92, across the way.'"

"Very well," said Middleton. "I'll take it over. But, by the way, don't you think that, as Mrs. Flanagan could hardly furnish forth the semblance of a meal this evening, we might go out and forage for a Thanksgiving dinner, just to make sure?"

"Any things?" Lillian exclaimed joyfully. "There is a certain stylish effect about garments made from these Celebrated Patterns that is not attained by the use of any other patterns."

McCALL'S BAZAR PATTERNS 10c and 15c. (No-Seam-Allowance Patterns.) Have not an equal for style and perfection. Easy to understand. Only read it once, and you will never be puzzled again. Get a Fashion Sheet and see for yourself. Absolutely the very latest designs. A FREE PATTERN of her own selection will be given every subscriber to McCALL'S MAGAZINE 50c YEAR.

A LADIES' MAGAZINE. One that every lady should take regularly. Beautiful colored plates! Latest fashion! Dressing hints! Fiction, etc. Subscriptions sent free for ladies only. Lady agents wanted. Send for terms. THE McCALL CO., 132-142 West 14th St., New York. These celebrated patterns and publications are for sale, and recommended by L. J. Wilkinson. Millions of Dollars. Go up in smoke every year. Take no risks but get your houses, stock, furniture, etc., insured in first-class reliable companies as represented by DAVID FAUST, Insurance Agent, 130 South Jardin St. also Life and Accidental companies. Reserved Seats at Kiril's Drug Store.

support, the car slackened speed, and a man in a long coat and a fur cap, whom Middleton supposed to be some holiday roisterer, jumped off. The man stopped and stared Lillian in the face. Then, in a moment, with a cry of "Hello, little girl!" the strange man's disengaged arm was twined about Lillian's gray fox collar, and his face was rapidly approaching hers. But the two faces were violently parted by a blow of the kind technically known as a "left hook," and the "left hooker" was Mr. Middleton.

"Stop!" Lillian cried. "What are you doing? Don't you see it's Ronald? Oh, Ronald, I'm so sorry!" Ronald had recovered himself from the shock and was in the act of charging when Lillian hurriedly pronounced the formula of introduction: "Ronald, my friend, Mr. Middleton. Mr. Middleton, my brother-in-law, Mr. Fraser."

"Oh, your friend, eh?" said Ronald. "Oh, your brother-in-law?" said Middleton. "I didn't know, or I wouldn't—"

"Where are you moving to?" Fraser asked in bewilderment, solitiously feeling the right side of his face. "Just now we are going to market," Middleton began.

But Lillian interrupted in her impulsive way: "Oh, Ronald, I'm so glad to see you! And I'm so sorry. I'll have to explain it all to you. We were just going to buy a Thanksgiving dinner for Mrs. Flanagan to cook. Mr. Middleton didn't know."

"That's all right. But who is Mrs. Flanagan?" It was a hard matter to explain all these complications while shopping crowds jostled them and "it" trains rattled overhead. Middleton pointed this out, and, postponing their marketing, they fell back upon the hospitality of Mrs. Latour's room.

"My dear boy," she said to Middleton, seeming really alarmed at the misunderstanding which she could have prevented, "if I had thought anything like this would have happened, I would have told you of the relationship. It was all my silly fun."

But the marketing expedition did come off at last, and the result was a (Continued on Third Page.)

How Women May Keep Young. The real secret of youthful features in women is regular menstruation. If there is an irregularity of any nature—if the menses be suppressed or too scanty, too profuse or painful—the trouble will show in the face. The eyes will be encircled with black, the skin sallow; blotches and pimples will appear, and the sufferer, although young in years, will appear old in looks. The unfailing remedy is BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR.

It cures all ills of the womanly organs, Falling of the Womb, Leucorrhea or Whites and Bearing-down Pains, Cures Backache, Headache and Nervousness, all of which are due to weakness in the same organs. Large bottles are sold by Druggists for \$1. THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

AMUSEMENTS. Ferguson's Theatre. DAN. J. FERGUSON, Mgr. MATINEE AND NIGHT. THURSDAY, NOV. 30, '09. J.C. LEWIS' PLUNKARD & CO. EZRA PAGE, THE HONEST OLD FARMER. MATINEE AT 2:15 P. M.

Matinee Prices: 15 and 25 Cts. Evening Prices: 25, 35 and 50 Cts. Ferguson's Theatre, DAN. J. FERGUSON, Manager. MATINEE AND NIGHT. Saturday, Dec. 2.

THE STRUGGLERS. A Strong Company Headed by GUS COHAN, German Singing & Dancing Comedian, 5,000 Pounds of Special Scenery. NIGHT: 10, 20 and 30 Cents. MATINEE: 19 and 20c.

"GOLD DUST." "GOLD DUST." GOLD DUST The Best Washing Powder. Woman's Best Friend. Dirt's Worst Enemy.

Sacrifice Piano Bargains. A square piano in good condition. A give-away bargain. \$85

Parlor Grand Piano A High-Grade Can be exchanged for any other style of instrument. These are sacrifice opportunities.

M. O'NEILL Furniture Dealer and Undertaker, 106 South Main St.

The Best Bargain Houses In Shenandoah is at PHILIP YAROWSKY'S, 233 West Centre Street. You would be amazed to see the values we offer in Underwear, Boots and Shoes, Groceries. If you only give us a trial, that is all we ask. This means a steady customer at our store.

REMARKABLE SHOE SELLING!

Our advertisement of a recent date containing some extraordinary values in shoes has been a profitable announcement. The fact that we advertised prices which were found attached to these goods by the purchasers has proven that it was no catch-penny scheme. Our sale still continues and our shelves are constantly being replaced with the same goods that are being rapidly purchased by economical shoe buyers.

- 200 Men's shoes, black, sizes 8 1-2 to 11, at 75c. 500 pairs of men's russetts, \$1.90, worth \$2.75. 300 " " " " leather lined, \$2.50, worth \$4.00. 250 " " " " black, leather lined, \$2.50, worth \$4.00. 150 " ladies' button shoes, 85 cents, worth \$1.25. 500 " " " and lace shoes, \$1.25, worth \$1.75. 800 " " first quality shoes, \$1.75, worth \$2.75.

Boys' and Misses' school shoes too numerous to mention so large is our stock. 10,000 pair of Rubbers in Men's, Ladies' and Children's at reduced prices.

Come and be convinced that we advertise facts only. The Boston Factory Shoe Store No. 27 South Main Street. I. SPONT, PROPRIETOR.